

through with one man at his head, and one
 or two
 supporting him by his tail. The passage of
 the V took
 the caravan an hour, but meantime there was
 the enjoy-
 ment of the sight of a confused mass of
 mountains,
 whitish precipitous ranges, sun-lit, with
 tremendous ravines
 between them, lying in the cool blue shadows
 of early
 morning; mountains with long straight -
 summits, moun-
 tains snow-covered and snow-slashed, great
 spires of
 naked rock, huge ranges buttressed by huge
 spurs herbage-
 covered, with outcrops of barren rock,—a
 mighty, solitary,
 impressive scene, an uplifted wilderness
 without a camp.
 The descent of 4000 feet from this summit
 consists
 of any number of zigzag tracks on the narrow
 top of the
 narrow ridge of one of the huge rocky
 buttresses of
 Gartak, both sides being precipitous. Even
 on the horse
 I was dizzy, and he went down most
 unwillingly, not
 taking any responsibility as to finding the
 safest way,
 and depending solely on my eye and hand.
 Mirza, being
 hampered with the care of his own mule, was
 useless, and
 otherwise I was alone. These thready
 zigzags ended on
 what appeared to be a precipice, from the
 foot of which
 human voices came up, shouting to me to
 dismount. I
 did so, and got down, hanging on to *Screw's*
 bridle, and
 letting myself down over the ledges by my
 hands for
 another hour, having to be careful all the
 time to avoid
 being knocked down by his slips and jumps.
 I could
 hardly get him to face some of the smooth
 broken faces of

rock. A slide of gravel, a snow-bridge, worn
thin, over a
torrent, and some slippery rock ledges to
scramble over by
its side led to a pathless ascent through grass
and bushes.
The guides and Aziz roared to me from a
valley below,
by which roars I found my way down a
steep hillside
to the Gokun, a mountain river of a unique
and most
beautiful blue-green colour, abounding in
deep pools
from which it emerges in billows of cool foam.